



# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

**NOVEMBER  
1963**







JAP FIGHTER PLANE may be seen over East China airfield, as 14th Air Force drops bombs on runways. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 18, No. 9

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Some interest** has been shown in the proposed Roundup-sponsored jet plane trip to India in 1964. No doubt many persons, however, are waiting to hear more about it. Although we're not asking anyone to make a definite commitment this early, we would like to know if there is sufficient interest to go ahead with plans for such a trip. If it sounds good to you, let us hear from you about it.

● **Cover picture** on this issue shows a railway engine being put in working order, with parts from other wrecked engines, by the Military Railway Service Provincial Operating Detachment at Myitkyina, Northern Burma, in early September, 1944. U. S. Army photograph.

● **Our offer** to send gift cards with gift subscriptions to Ex-CBI Roundup brought immediate response after our October issue was mailed. Here's an easy way to solve at least one or two of your gift problems!

● **We appreciate** hearing about exCBIers who may be interested in Roundup. If you happen to run across one, jot down his name and address and send it to us. We'll be glad to tell him about the magazine; and he, too, will appreciate your thoughtfulness. Just drop us a card if you can think of any now.

NOVEMBER, 1963



## Val T. Lash

● Val T. Lash, 48, Hollywood, a veteran circulation employee of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, died recently of a heart attack. Lash came to California as a youth after being forced to flee from his native Russia during the Bolshevik revolution. He went to work as a newsboy for the Herald-Examiner and rose to the position of dispatch sales manager. During World War II he served in the U. S. Armed Forces in the China-Burma-India Theater. His wife and a son survive.

A. A. KRUGER,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Served at New Delhi

● Recently during a business interview, I heard of the existence of Ex-CBI Roundup. Please put my name on the mailing list. I served in CBI Theater, mostly in New Delhi at both SOS and Theater Headquarters, and was formerly a master sergeant.

DALE J. TINKLE,  
Louisville, Ky.



ALERT Chinese guard snoozes in sentry box at Luliang. Photo by Harold F. Zwonechek.





BARRELS are unloaded from railroad car at Chabua by personnel of the 472nd QM (Trk) Battalion. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo from Carl R. DeCesare.

#### ATC Commandos

● Happened upon a copy of Ex-CBI Roundup and I was back home nostalgically. I flew the Hump (126 times), bailed out in Burma, had the famous ATC Commando dance band with the Hump Happy show and hit all the bases from Barrackpore to Sook, Dinjan, Tezpur, Chabua, Mohanbari, Agra, etc. Spent two great furloughs in Calcutta at the Grand. Played drums for Teddy Weatherford's band while there at the Wintergarden, stayed at London Street and won ribbons at Karaya Road and Acre Lane plus the Chowringhee ribbon. I was stationed at Jorhat with the 1306th, then after the "ride in the silk" I was sent to Karachi. I had the ATC Commandos playing all incoming USO shows at KAB theater. Would like to be remembered to all friends and ask them to write me, including former Col. J. F. Davis, Major Mahoney, Sgt. Christi Chenarides, Capt. Jack Dounie, Capt. Max Cables, Lt. Danny Flynn and all members of my fine band. The scenes from Roundup

were wonderful to me; so many places I've been. Would love to make a few meetings of the CBIVA and reminisce with a great bunch of tik hao Burma Roadsters and Hump Happy characters. I am and have been teaching school here in Ocean City for 16 years. Am married and

have two children; also still am leading a dance band and drumming. Still have the CBI shield on the drums. Our band is currently working weekends at the O. C. Yacht Club and soon will go into our winter stand at the Hotel Morton in Atlantic City. Please ask the "dhobi wallahs" to write their old drummer boy from the CBI.

BERWYN "RED" HUGHES,  
104 Crescent Road,  
Ocean City, N. J.

#### Chicago Basha

● Next meeting of the Chicago Basha will be held in conjunction with the national CBIVA executive board meeting Nov. 2 at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel. New officers to be installed at that time are Joe Pacenti, commander; Marcel Jansen, vice commander; D. J. "Doc" Barcella, adjutant and finance officer; Bill Mathiesen, judge advocate; and Menrad Kraus, provost marshal. The Christmas party of the basha will be Sunday afternoon, Dec. 8, at the South Pacific.

EMIL TESSARI,  
Chicago, Ill.



TRUCKS of the 472nd QM (Trk) Battalion are shown lined up to unload freight at Chabua. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo from Carl R. DeCesare.





STREET SCENE in Agra, India, in 1944. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

#### Misses "Z" Force

● What has happened to the "Z" Force—never see or read anything about them in Roundup. Must be some of them still alive.

GEO. B. DIBBLE,  
Montgomery, Ala.

#### Too Many Deaths

● Only one thing disturbs me about recent issues of Ex-CBI Roundup—the number of CBI deaths reported. It reminds me that we're all getting older, and that our ranks will continue to thin throughout the years. This realization, however, makes the magazine even more valuable because it is the one factor that holds CBIs together and preserves the memories of those experiences we shared in a far-away land.

ARTHUR C. MITCHELL,  
Sioux Falls, S. D.

#### Yvonne Jansen

● Yvonne Jansen, beloved wife of Marcel Jansen, an active participant in local

and national China-Burma-India Veterans Association affairs, passed away

Thursday, Sept. 26. Members of the Chicago Basha acted as pallbearers.

EMIL TESSARI,  
Commander Chicago  
Basha,  
Chicago, Ill.

#### Popular Feature

● Thoroughly enjoyed the article by John P. Harris, "An Editor Visits India," in the October issue. Will be looking for more; this should be a popular feature. The author seems to have the ability to see India as you or I might see it, and to report what he sees. I especially enjoyed reading about his experience with the hotel plumbing. It's typical!

JAMES R. CANTRILL,  
Phoenix, Ariz.

#### China Chaplain

● Was a chaplain in China. I served with the 311th Fighter Group near Chengtu, and later with the 341st Bomb Group at Yangkai; am now pastor of Beverly Hills Baptist Church at Independence.

FRANCIS L. KELLY,  
Independence, Mo.



STARS being honored at Kunming, China, by ATC Operation Headquarters are Andy Arcari, Keenan Wynn, Paulette Goddard and Bill Gargan. Miss Goddard was first Hollywood female star to fly the Hump to China for a USO performance. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.



# An Editor Visits India

*This is the second in a series of several articles by a Kansas newspaper man, which were written during his recent visit to India. The author is editorial page editor of The Hutchinson News, daily newspaper published at Hutchinson, Kan.*

BY JOHN P. HARRIS

BOMBAY—I had breakfast the other morning with an editor in an interior city. We each ordered toast and coffee. It is one of the few menus that is both vegetarian and nonvegetarian. He sprinkled his toast heavily with black pepper. To give it a little flavor, he explained.

That's typical. Here spice is the variety of life. Chili powder is a staple which goes on almost everything. Paprika is plentiful. Curries always accompany the rice which is served as the final course to precede the sweet, and this usually is of the sickish sweet variety. Then there are all manner of peppery flavored seeds, sprinkled over the table in small dishes, whole or ground, with which each dish is further flavored.

The vegetarian meal usually begins with a soup which is slurped with a spoon. Following come one, two, or perhaps as many as 30 dishes if it is a real repast. For dining the vegetarians prefer fingers over forks.

## Water Needed

There are all manner of salad combinations in which onions and cucumbers are familiar ingredients. Painful looking vegetable balls. Vegetable stews. Pancake-thin but crisp breads. Concoctions I cannot identify. But all have this in common. They are so highly seasoned that after I have taken one mouthful of something that has been presented to me as "sweet," I have to swallow a glass of water to regain the use of my voice.

I have evolved a theory, to explain this Indian diet, which scientists and dieticians probably would scoff at, but it satisfies me all the same. These Indians eat what I would term rabbit food and have been doing so with no injury to their health for centuries. But over that time they have developed a most sophisticated school of high seasoning.

They have done so to prove to themselves that they are not rabbits but superior humans who are faithful followers of Shiva and the Myriad other Hindu gods. It is good for their ego, and it doesn't seem to hurt their digestive tracts. Whoever heard of a rabbit asking for as much as salt to flavor his cabbage?

How many Indians are strict vegetarians and eschew intoxicants and tobacco

as well, as a matter of religion, I do not know. Probably no more than 25 per cent. But they are the elite and the elect. They are the Brahmins, who are the highest caste Hindus. They are the professional men, the top industrialists, the higher government officials, the journalists, and the leaders of every field.

It is human nature for everyone to emulate (or on occasions destroy) his betters. So in India it long has become the pattern for the lesser to copy the mighty and turn to a vegetarian diet as well. Besides, the lesser's income is pitifully small, and various herbs and grasses can fill the stomach at much less expense than beefsteak, or even hamburger, will.

So, aside from the European hotels in the largest cities, the vegetarian meals is the pattern of the Indian day. Even the nonvegetarian meals deviate little from the general pattern. As an example, I was served a box lunch on my most recent plane trip. The contents proved to be two cold fried bananas, two pieces of fruit, a small piece of cake, and a sandwich spread with some sort of paste so potent I could not risk a second bite. There were two slices of bread and butter in the box, however, and they were excellent.

Of course, the visitor who is persistent, and specifies not only nonvegetarian but western meals, can come across some bits of meat occasionally. Choice of chicken or mutton. The chicken, however it is prepared, will come out tough and scrawny. The mutton will be of the sort to indicate that the old ewe was about to die a natural death anyhow, and the contents of the plate are about half desiccated meat and half fragments of bone.

\* \* \*

BOMBAY—Late winter is the favorite time for Hindu weddings. It is not that the young blood begins stirring earlier on this side of the world. The astrologers agree that this is the most propitious season.

The bride does not select the hour of the ceremony. The astrologer does. If he says the auguries indicate two o'clock in the morning, then at two hours after midnight the vows are exchanged. As a matter of fact, the bride has nothing to do with any of the arrangements. Including the selection of her own husband.

The centuries-old customs are breaking down, everyone agrees, yet they continue to prevail in most cases outside the



largest cities. Once the girl's husband was selected for her when she was a small child. Now 14 is a more conventional age, or it may even be delayed until she is 17.

#### Family Shopping

Her family begins shopping around to find her a good match. The families of the eligible boys listen to the description of her merits. The decision is with the latter. Character references being satisfied, haggling starts over the size of the dowry. It is a cold business transaction on the groom's side. It may be financial life or death for the bride's father. It is by no means unknown for an Indian to sell his home and business to provide his daughter's dowry.

The deal having been closed, the young couple are given their first, brief meeting. He will usually ask her to read to prove she is literate. She, shy and nervous, probably will trip over the words.

After this introduction, the boy may register his dissatisfaction, but if he comes from a good Brahmin, or highest caste, family, it is unlikely he will. She, practically, has no choice. Should she refuse, her family would be ostracized by all the caste to which it belongs.

#### No Romance

So it is not love that makes the world go round out here, and there is no romance to spark it. The system must work, however, or the birth rate would not be the most serious problem confronting India.

How long the engagement lasts usually depends on the ages of the couple for whom the contract has been made. During it they may never see one another, and if they do, at rare intervals, the meetings will be heavily chaperoned.

Finally comes the long awaited day. Prior to the ceremony, tables of highly spiced vegetarian dishes (if it is not heavy with chili powder they can't eat it) are spread out in both the happy homes. Guests pick from the plates with their fingers, babble as wedding guests the world over do, and drift from home to home.

#### Happy Procession

Then, at the hour the astrologer has selected, the vows are exchanged in the bride's home, on the lawn, or in the temple. Afterward the wedding procession. It has a vanguard of young men to clear the way. Next a trio of drummers, or a full brass band, if family fortunes permit. Behind is the gaily decorated carriage of bullock cart containing the newlyweds. In the rear the wedding guests walk along.

The wedding procession passes through the principal streets, attracting crowds

and making a frightful lot of noise. Its purpose is to demonstrate to the entire community that the two are now one. It terminates at the bridegroom's home.

If the couple is advanced and affluent, there may be a conventional western-style honeymoon. If not, they simply retire to the room in his father's home that has been cleared of his younger brothers in preparation for their arrival.

Before the couple occupies the nuptial bed, however, the groom's mother comes in to remind her new daughter-in-law to be up in time to help with the breakfast dishes. In India forever the world's work must go on.

INDORE—Perhaps the change was so refreshing that I overplay Indore, but I found it a delightful place. A city of nearly half a million, it lies on a 2,000-foot plateau some 300 miles northeast of Bombay. Surrounding is a rich farming area which produces wheat, cotton, garden truck, and various edible seeds I never heard of before.

Those 2,000 feet make a surprising difference. Bombay has been sweltering. It is warm midday here, but by nightfall there is a refreshing breeze, and before morning one reaches for a blanket. Moreover, one can sleep without being entombed in mosquito netting, as I have had to be in all the other interior cities I have visited.

Indore is the chief industrial city of the state of Madhya Pradesh, with cotton mills providing the principal employment. It is prosperous, as cities go in western India. There are new cars to be seen and taxis in addition to the pony-drawn "tonga carts."

There are some wide well-shaded residential streets lined with the mansions of cotton barons and industrialists, the new ones brightly painted and the old ones, as is typical in India, reflecting a complete indifference to maintenance and repairs. Here, if a window is broken, roof tiles work loose, or plaster decoration peels away from the brick wall beneath, the fact is simply ignored.

The streets of Indore are clean, relatively. The margins of the principal ones are swept carefully every morning by

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bent-over, old women using bunches of twigs. The narrow bazaar streets and those in the old quarter of the city, however, are best dismissed as picturesque. Here and there the odor of open sewers is unmistakable, and 30 sacred cows cannot loll away the morning in a single block without leaving behind considerable evidence of their presence.

### Five Newspapers

Indore has doubled in size the past 15 years, and there is still a noticeable amount of new construction in progress. It has three plane flights a week in each direction from its airport. Its railroad line is narrow gauge, so everyone must change when he reaches the main line in his way to Delhi or Bombay. It has five daily newspapers, with four-page editions all printed in Hindi. The largest has a circulation of 9,000.

There are few "sights" in Indore itself, but there is a pleasant park where people promenade in the evening, and a Jain temple in which the floors, walls, and ceilings are all of glass. Three life-size statues of whatever god it is, plus some fascinating paintings showing high points of the god's life, make it more than worth a visit, even if one must remove his shoes before entering.

The sights that Indore lacks, however, are to be found in several smaller places, up in the hills, not too many miles away. These make Indore a tourist center in a small way and provide it with an attraction no other cities in this area can

boast. That is, by Indian standards, a modern hotel.

### Ravens Roost

The Lantern is in a beautiful garden at the edge of the city. There are surrounding trees which provide delightful shade through the day but unfortunately are a popular raven roost at night.

The ravens caw in their sleep. Two or three of them will awaken to croak their discontent with the world during what otherwise would be the long, still hours. Shortly before dawn the noise of a banging door or a back-firing car will rouse all of them to an angry chorus of caws that is almost deafening. In Indore one does not sleep late.

The Lantern has hot water taps in its baths but no hot water. The ice it provides is flecked with dirt. Its beds are hard. There is no elevator. The towels are unbleached and abrasive.

But the Lantern has clean sheets in all of its rooms. A three-piece orchestra which plays "Dardanella" and "Stardust" through the meal hours. Brown boys who are always whisking in to shine your shoes, take your laundry, serve you coffee, or polish the terrazzo floors. A 280-pound manager who is "mine host" to perfection. A motion picture theater on its grounds. Edible food. For \$3 a day for a room with bath and meals, who reasonably could ask for anything more?

—THE END



HOMES in Ramgarhtown, located on a branch line of the Bengal Nagpur Railway, 284 miles northwest of Calcutta in Bihar Province. Photo by Ray Kirkpatrick.





On The

# GROUND GLASS



ISSUE NO. 6

PASSED BY U.S. ARMY CENSOR APO 465

15 MAY 1945



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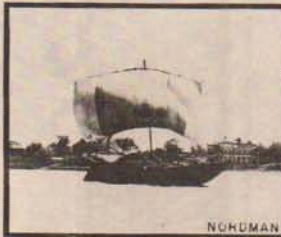
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## India's RIVER BOATS



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PRODUCED BY 7TH PHOTO TECH. SQ.

SIXTH OF A SERIES of picture layouts by the 7th Photo Tech. Sq. to be presented in Ex-CBI Roundup is this "Issue No. 6" dated May 15, 1945. The Ground Glass was a voluntary effort to give members of the squadron mementos of their tour of duty. These layouts used through the courtesy of Gordon Smock and Wm. S. Johnson.

NOVEMBER, 1963



# Only 17 Yanks Survive

Reprinted from Stag Magazine

BY EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

Neither Captain John J. Gussak nor anyone else in the little group of U. S. Army officer passengers sitting on the portside of the boatdeck were wearing life jackets when the two Jap torpedoes hissed towards the Liberty ship Jean Nicolet. Silhouetted against a brilliant sunset, the ship offered a perfect target for the enemy sub.

The Nicolet was 51 days out of Wilmington, Cal., plodding unescorted over the glassy Indian Ocean with a general cargo of war material for Calcutta. When Captain Ariizumi Tetsunosuki—"The butcher"—scanned her grimly through his periscope, early on the evening of July 2nd, 1944, she was some 750 miles southeast of Ceylon, enroute to a rendezvous with a CBI convoy in the Bay of Bengal after having refueled at Fremantle, Australia.

Two jolting blows staggered the Liberty ship when the torpedoes tore into her hull forward, to starboard. The sound of the explosions seemed oddly subdued to Gussak, more like concussive thuds than blasts.

"We've been hit!" said Captain Walter Guthrie, one of Gussak's fellow passengers, and the men on the boat deck jumped apprehensively to their feet, trying to sight the enemy sub. Including

John J. Gussak, one of the survivors in this amazing true story, was assigned as a military police officer in CBI



and rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He is now a prominent New York attorney, has served as a national officer of the China - Burma - India Veterans Association and as commander of the Greater New York Basha. In 1949 he returned to India for a postwar visit, and photos of his trip appeared in the June 1950 issue of Roundup. Another article about his experiences following the sinking of the Jean Nicolet was published in the March 1955 issue of the magazine. The accompanying photo of Colonel Gussak was taken at Jorbat, Assam, during the war.

the handful of passengers there were a hundred officers, crewmen and members of the Naval Armed Guard aboard the Jean Nicolet. Water was rushing into the two gaping holes in her hull and she was already beginning to list to starboard.

Gussak glanced at the ugly cloud of brownish-black smoke billowing skyward. If they were going to abandon ship there were things he wanted from the cabin he shared with Guthrie, Captain Ralph Snodgrass and Captain Donald Ferguson. He had no idea whether the Jean Nicolet was carrying an explosive cargo or not. Deciding to take the risk, he dashed to starboard and entered his cabin.

Water was already flooding the cabin. It was up to Gussak's knees. Grabbing his kapok life jacket and his haversack, he splashed back to the deck and headed for his lifeboat station on the port side. On the way, he noticed that the two lifeboats on the starboard side had been so badly damaged they were unusable.

One of the port side lifeboats, fully loaded, was already launched and clear of the ship. The other, also loaded, was swinging between its davits, in charge of Third Mate George M. Rutan who was in it and holding one of the davit ropes. Gussak handled the other rope from deck and helped to lower the boat. As it reached the water and sheered away from the ship, a dozen of the Naval Armed Guard remaining aboard gathered around Gussak. He suddenly realized he was the only officer still on the ship and they were looking to him for orders.

"I think we ought to stand by the guns, Captain," someone said.

"The guns are jammed, we tried 'em," said someone else. "And besides, what the hell would we shoot at? You see any Jap sub?"

Gussak eyed the surrounding water and saw only the two lifeboats. The Jean Nicolet seemed to be losing her sharp list while settling lower in the water. Deciding that the ship was in no immediate danger of sinking, Gussak sent a man to the bridge and another to the skipper's cabin to search for Captain David M. Nilsson, who had not been seen since the torpedoes struck.

Gussak himself made another quick trip to his cabin where he obtained a shirt and his woolen helmet liner. Heading back to the port side through thickening smoke, he ran into Captain Nilsson who had been knocked unconscious





JOHN J. GUSSAK is shown in recent picture with his wife, the former Elizabeth Emmons, also a CBI veteran. Both are active in the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

by one of the explosions and was being helped along by the gunnery officer, Lieutenant (j.g.) Gerald V. Deal.

"You all right, Skipper?" Gussak inquired.

"I'm all right," Nilsson answered tautly. "Got any idea how many men didn't get off in the boats?"

"About 12 or 15 on the port deck," Gussak answered. "Armed Guard. I don't know about the radio operators."

"We'll have to abandon ship," said Nilsson. "She won't stay afloat much longer."

They helped him down the companionway to the forward deck, followed by the Armed Guard. Joined by a couple of sailors who had made their way up from between decks, the group of twenty men collected at the last raft remaining on board. The raft was put over the side and the men scrambled aboard and cut the painter. As the raft began to drift away from the ship, Nilsson made a quick tally. There had been 39 men in one lifeboat, 40 in the other. With the 20 huddled together on the raft, 99 were accounted for; one was still missing.

"Young Lee?" Nilsson asked. Lee was the officers' mess boy. When the torpedo struck he had been lying in his bunk with an ice pack on an inflamed appendix.

"Lee got off okay," Wheeler said. "He was put in No. 3 lifeboat."

A few minutes later they located the hundredth man. His name was Bill Smith, one of the radio operators. While they watched he put a rope over the rail near the bow and began climbing down. By this time they had drifted too far from

the ship to help him. But as he hung there on the rope, by luck, a small empty raft drifted along the hull almost directly under him. The watching men cheered when he dropped neatly aboard.

A quarter of an hour later, by another bit of luck, the two rafts drifted close together. Smith caught the line thrown to him and the rafts were lashed together.

Smith had a bit of encouraging news. Before taking to one of the lifeboats, August Tilden, the commercial radio operator, had sent out an SOS.

"Both Colombo and Calcutta acknowledged receipt," Smith said. "We should have help by morning."

They drifted another mile. It was now quite dark but in the reflected light of the burning Jean Nicolet, the rafts were spotted by the motorized No. 4 lifeboat with Chief Mate Clement Carlin standing in the bow. When Carlin brought the lifeboat alongside the rafts, Gussak saw that his three cabin mates—Guthrie, Snodgrass and Ferguson—were aboard, as well as a fourth army officer passenger, Lieutenant Miller.

Carlin suggested towing the rafts, but Nilsson shook his head. He pointed out that No. 4 was the only motorized lifeboat. It would be best to use it to round up No. 3 and any of the other rafts with men on them, then tow them back to the tied rafts.

"We'll keep everyone together while we're waiting to be rescued," he said.

Nilsson jumped into No. 4 to direct the search. As the lifeboat moved off under power, explosive sounds rumbled ominously across the water. Streaks of bright phosphorescent light shot skyward from the midship hold of the burning Jean Nicolet.

"The Jap bastards are shelling her!" a sailor named Lloyd "Gooney Bird" Ruth growled angrily to Gussak.

"Maybe," said Gussak. "But maybe those are shells we were carrying in our cargo."

They saw the Jap sub then for the first time, a sinister silhouette against the starry sky. They heard the cough of her powerful diesels as she moved towards No. 4 lifeboat, an eighth of a mile away.

No. 4's small, overburdened engine had stalled. Carlin was vainly trying to start it when the sub came alongside. She had twin 5-inch cannons mounted on her forward deck and 20 mm guns protruding from her high, open conning tower. A dozen Japs on her wet deck carried tommy guns and bayoneted rifles. Some of them obviously were sailors. Others, much taller, wore army-like jackets and peaked caps. They might have been either soldiers or marines.

The men in No. 4 lifeboat were quickly



transferred to the deck of the sub, herded aft of the conning tower and ordered to sit cross-legged in rows. A few, slow to obey, were beaten with rifle butts.

From the conning tower, Captain Tetsunosuki looked down on the prisoners sitting in the glare of clustered lights.

"Who is your captain?" he demanded in English.

No one answered. They were all loyal to Nilsson and wanted to protect him.

"Who is captain?" Tetsunosuki screamed. "Answer or I have you all shot right away."

"I'm in command," Nilsson spoke out. "Bring the captain here!"

A sailor took Nilsson to the conning tower where he climbed up the rungs and disappeared inside. It was the last anyone saw of him.

The sub began moving, heading towards the rafts. Her bow loomed large and black, she looked like a monster to Gussak. Japs with Tommy guns aimed at the raft.

"You think they're getting set to machine gun us, Captain?" Wheeler asked.

The eyes of every man on the raft turned to Gussak. He was the senior officer and they were looking to him for leadership.

"Into the water!" he ordered tersely. "Keep your heads down. Hold on to the raft."

Slipping into the water with the others Gussak clung to the raft, with Wheeler on one side of him and Ruth on the other. The sub came on as if to ram. Not

until she was within 50 feet did she veer in a sharp turn to starboard which brought her alongside and several yards from the raft.

"Everyone back on raft or we shoot!" One of the tall men in peaked caps called out in English. "Put hands up in air."

"Do what he says," Gussak said. "We haven't any choice."

He set the example, climbing back on the raft and raising his hands. The others began to follow. On the far side of the raft, Deal, Wheeler, Carl L. Bevitoni, one of the Naval Armed Guard, Seamen Ora Lamb and Pfc. Harvey Matyas could not be seen by the Japs. They ducked quietly under the raft and remained there.

The tall, English-speaking Jap bawled out another order: "Now get off raft. Swim here. One follow another."

The first man to obey was the Boatswain, a man named Ciszak. He swam the short distance rapidly. A Jap sailor reached down, helped Ciszak aboard.

William A. Musser, a 17-year-old mess boy from Lancaster, Pa., was the second swimmer to reach the sub. A grinning Jap sailor extended a hand, helped Musser to the deck and brought up his other hand with an automatic pistol in it. Pressing the muzzle of the gun against the boy's forehead he squeezed the trigger. Still grinning, he kicked Musser's body into the water.

The third man to swim to the sub was also young. He was a 19-year-old sailor, Richard L. Kean of Portland, Oregon. He climbed aboard unassisted, watched by a second grinning Jap with a bayoneted rifle. As Kean stood up, the Jap suddenly lunged forward, drove the bayonet through his chest and pushed him backward.

Gussak was starting to climb out when he saw Kean's body splash into the water near him. He hesitated.

"Come up!" a Jap screamed at him.

Gussak felt for a hold on the flat, rounded belly of the hull and discovered it was thickly crusted with sharp-edged barnacles, indicating that the sub had been at sea a long time. Spotting a short rope hanging over the side a short distance away, he grabbed it and pulled himself up on deck.

Two of the Japs in peaked caps advanced toward him. Each one seized him by a hand. They pulled off his wrist watch, ring and silver identification bracelet, then stripped off his life jacket and tossed it into the water, after which they emptied his pockets and yanked off his dog tags.

Holding Gussak by the arms they hustled him forward and to starboard of the conning tower. Several of the men



GROUP shot of original Border Guard group at China-Burma border, with Captain Gussak standing in center. Others shown are Corp. J. J. Trimarco, Pfc. J. J. Lombardo, Sgt. Charles W. Kulp, Sgt. Raymond Cochran and Pfc. Philip J. Gaughan. U. S. Army Signal Corps photo.



from No. 4 lifeboat had been moved up toward the bow. Gussak was ordered to sit behind them. He was soon joined by Seamen Ruth, Lee Vigers, John McDougall, Radioman Wyrozumski, and others from the raft.

There were now between 35 and 40 prisoners seated on the forward deck. Some 50 to 60 from the two lifeboats were sitting aft. Because of lack of space Gussak and the others were compelled to sit cross legged. Adding to his discomfort, Gussak's wrists were bound tightly behind his back with baling wire. Five or six of the other men around him were similarly bound, and then the Japs ran out of baling wire. In addition to the armed guards several Japs moved up and down the files with slender steel bars. No one was permitted to raise his head. Any man who tried it received a smashing blow which opened his skull in a long, ugly gash.

English-speaking Japs walked back and forth through the files of prisoners, questioning men at random. One of them halted near Gussak, eyeing Lee Vigers' sea boots.

"Take off! You no need shoes any more."

"Where you taking us?" McDougall asked him.

The Jap scowled. "You no go anywhere. We have no room for prisoners. We kill everyone when questions are finished."

The Jap moved along, carrying the sea boots. McDougall whispered to Gussak: "You studied law, Captain. Can't we claim protection as war prisoners under the Geneva Convention?"

"We can claim," Gussak said grimly, "but except for their skipper, none of these Japs probably ever heard of the Geneva Convention and, obviously, it doesn't mean a thing to him."

They didn't know it but the Japs were slaughtering the prisoners aft. Men were being bayoneted and flung over the side. Those forward could not have seen what was going on behind the screening conning tower even if they had dared risk raising and turning their heads.

A Jap with a tommy gun suddenly fired a burst of bullets in the direction of the raft. Another joined him. A whisper, like a light breeze, passed from prisoner to prisoner. Vigers repeated it to Gussak: "The guys hiding under the raft. Looks like two of them managed to swim away."

"What about the other three?"

"No one knows. Maybe they're still hiding—or maybe they're dead."

Captain Tetsunosuki gave an order. The sub began to cruise in slow circles, searching for any lifeboat or raft that might have been overlooked. A few min-



AFTER ARRIVAL in CBI, Captain Gussak is shown with Sgt. Edwin S. Rowbottom, Sacramento, Calif., of the 700th M. P. Co. Border Guard, checking drums of unauthorized gasoline seized from a convoy passing through the barrier at the China-Burma border. U. S. Army photo.

utes later, a huge freak wave came rolling towards the sub across the otherwise calm sea and a Jap sailor screamed a warning to hold on.

The sub turned to quarter the wave. A wall of water pounded against her hull, cascaded down on her deck and receded, carrying Lieutenant Miller and Seamen Carl Rosenbaum and George Kenmore-Hess with it. The sub did not stop to pick them up.

The Japs had finished robbing and questioning the prisoners. Now they formed a sinister double line, waving and gesturing with bayonets, sheath knives, and steel bars. At the far end a giant Jap they called Nimoya stationed himself, bracing his legs and holding a bayoneted rifle in his hands like a pitchfork.

Two of the guards in peaked caps seized a sailor named Reilly by the arms and jerked him to his feet. "Run!" they ordered and pushed him between the two lines of waiting Japs.

Reilly ran forward. Bayonets slashed at his body, steel bars flailed his shoulders and head. Staggered and stunned, he slowed and was shoved on. Nimoya was waiting for him at the end of the deadly gauntlet. Thrusting his bayonet through Reilly's belly, he made a half turn, tossing his victim into the water. The other Japs cheered this display of dexterity and strength. Nimoya grinned broadly in acknowledgment.

The guards yanked a second prisoner to his feet: "You! Run!"

The victim broke into a shuffling trot



and began to scream. Long before he came to the end of the line a steel bar fractured his skull. He toppled forward, unconscious, and a Jap grabbed him on either side, holding him up. They carried him upright, his feet scraping the deck, and heaved him bodily onto Nimoya's waiting bayonet.

The guards picked another victim, and another. The ghastly orgy of slaughter proceeded methodically. Twice the guards paused close to Gussak and he thought his time had come; twice they passed him up, selecting other victims instead.

Only Ruth, Vigers, McDougall and Wyrozumski were still left when the guards approached Gussak the third time. They were standing behind him when Captain Tetsunosuki shouted an order from the conning tower and the Japs in the double line broke up. Several of them hurried to the twin five-inch cannon, the others gathered behind them to watch.

The sub had circled towards the Jean Nicolet. Disgruntled by the fact that the Liberty ship was still afloat, Tetsunosuki ordered her shelled. The five-inchers thundered, scoring near misses. Finding the range the gunners put six shells into the Nicolet's hull. Exasperatingly, she remained afloat and Tetsunosuki bawled out a cease fire to conserve ammunition.

During the shelling, the two Jap guards had remained standing behind Gussak. Now there was a slight scraping noise. Gussak turned his head slightly. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of a beheading sword.

"My God!" he whispered and stiffened with horror as he felt the edge of the sword drawn tightly across the back of his neck.

Gussak knew what that preliminary movement meant. They had discussed Jap beheadings on shipboard and Capt. Ralph Snodgrass, the army medico, had explained how a Jap executioner gently touched the victim's neck with a sword to set up a fear reflex which stiffened the neck muscles so the head would come off cleanly in one blow.

It seemed unbelievable to Gussak, waiting to be executed, that this could be happening to him . . .

Two harsh blasts of a siren came from the direction of the conning tower. The guards behind Gussak rapidly exchanged a few words, then trotted off in the direction of a hatch. Gussak sat numb at this abrupt and unexpected reprieve. He had counted himself as dead.

Wyrozumski broke the silence. They're going to dive," he said.

Japs were scurrying into the hatch and conning tower. Covers clanged shut with ominous finality. Gussak felt the hiss of

compressed air through a deck grate under his buttocks.

The bow of the sub tilted sharply. A foaming white maelstrom of water churned over her deck from bow to stern as Tetsunosuki took her down in a crash dive. The suction seized the helpless men left on her deck and pulled them down after her. Gussak felt himself being drawn under, deeper and deeper. There was increasing pressure in his ears and he felt as if his lungs would burst. Then the suction eased and he kicked his way upward until he finally surfaced and gulped salty air into his tortured lungs.

Around him, in the darkness, Gussak heard the faint splashes and shouts of other men who had bobbed to the surface. He had no idea how many there were. According to best estimate later, of about 95 men taken aboard the sub, approximately thirty had escaped execution on the forward and aft decks. Of these, 18 survived the crash dive.

Treading water, Gussak worked at the wire binding his wrists behind him. He tried to bend it back and forth, but could not obtain the necessary leverage and succeeded only in forcing the wire more deeply and painfully into already raw and bleeding flesh. He had been treading water for at least half an hour when he saw someone swimming towards him. It was Wyrozumski, who somehow had managed to free his hands.

Wyrozumski swam up behind Gussak, worked at the baling wire until it gave, then unwound it from his wrists. "You okay now, Captain?"

"Yes—" Wyrozumski was already beginning to swim off. "Where you going?"

"I'm going to look around for Vigers. He and maybe a few other guys might be trying to make it with their hands tied."

"Good luck!" Gussak called after him and began swimming toward the burning Jean Nicolet.

The Liberty ship, still miraculously afloat, was somewhere between five and six miles away. It seemed to Gussak that she was the logical place to head for, a lighted beacon that would attract other swimming survivors and rescue craft. Besides, he thought hopefully, there was also a chance that he might find a raft, or piece of debris large enough to hold his weight.

He stripped off the only clothing he was wearing, chino pants and shorts. This made swimming easier and as he swam on through the lonely, seemingly endless night, he changed strokes to save his muscles from tiring. Gussak knew a lot of different swimming strokes. He had once been a life guard at Coney Island. . .

Born and raised in Brooklyn, John Gussak had graduated from New York City's



Stuyvesant High School. As a youngster his ambition had been to go to the U. S. Military Academy and make a career for himself as an army officer. But West Point is tough to get into and competition among New York City candidates tougher than anywhere else, and he decided he wouldn't make it.

Gussak was short with muscular shoulders, broad chest and slim waist, a combination which made him look taller. He was also hard as nails physically, with a yearning for adventure. At the age of 18 he became a radio operator and for the next seven years, in many ships, saw a great deal of the world.

He was 25 when he decided the time had come to settle down. Law appealed to him, but he hadn't saved enough as a radio operator to put himself through college, so he attended New York Law School at night and worked as a life guard and at other jobs during the day.

One day, not long after he had graduated from law school, Gussak had a case to try in the Municipal Court at Coney Island. There were several cases ahead of his on the docket, so he went for a walk on the boardwalk. He saw four youngsters capsize a small sailboat several hundred yards off the beach. Kicking off his shoes he plunged into the ocean and rescued all four of them. For this he was

awarded the Silver Life Saving Medal, bestowed by the U. S. Treasury Department under a special act. Though Gussak won several military decorations during the war, he's still proudest of this unusual medal.

He joined the National Guard, became a second lieutenant, and after the war started, became Plant Guard Officer at MMD Headquarters, 2nd SC at 52 Broadway in New York City. Fighting WWII in Manhattan, however, was a far cry from Gussak's idea of action, and he tried everything he could think of to get himself transferred overseas. Finally, he was successful. Promoted to a captain in the Provost Marshal Section, USF, IBT, SOS, he was assigned to head the border guard at Wanting, on the Burma-China frontier.

He sailed from California on the doomed Jean Nicolet. She was slow and crowded, and the Navy figured she'd do better traveling alone around the southern end of Australia, far removed from regular sea lanes and prowling Jap subs. The Navy guessed wrong. Now in the tragic aftermath, Captain John Gussak and, at most, 17 other survivors, were fighting for their lives in the Indian Ocean hundreds of miles from land.

Gussak swam on all through the night without seeing anyone or finding a piece of wreckage to cling to. The fires on the

## Out for Kill; Saved Lives...

Douglas Stewart, now of Corte Madera, Calif., was in an RCAF plane that assisted in the rescue of the Jean Nicolet survivors. After reading the article in Stag Magazine, he wrote John Gussak:

"I don't know whether you remember meeting me, but we did meet. Our aircraft base was on the other side of Addu Atoll from the British Naval Base where you were taken after the rescue, and the day after you arrived there, I and the rest of the crew came over and talked to you all. I remember you quite well and some of the others, especially 'Chips', your ship carpenter as we both came from Vancouver and had done some skiing together up there before the war. The next day some of the boys off your ship came over to our mess and we had a little party, but I don't think you came as the ordeal you had been through was too much for you, if I remember correctly.

"Stu Vanderhurst, who lives in this area, and I met at a dinner meet-

ing of the China-Burma-India Vets Ass'n who arranged it for us after some publicity in a local newspaper column. It was quite a reunion as we talked about the rescue most of the night and what happened to everyone after the event and where they were after the war was over.

"The rescue was one of the most outstanding memories of my life in the Air Force and one which I think that the Good Lord above us had a hand in. That night we were out on a job to do a kill on that sub and we ended up by being the savers of lives, so it does make one think, doesn't it? We only wished at the time that we had arrived on the scene earlier and many more lives would have been saved. Air sea rescue was not really part of our work out there, but we sure took a big part in that type of work through coincidence. When I left the Squadron to come home at the end of 1944, our score on lives saved or rescued was over 400."



Jean Nicolet had died out. Gussak could see her fully in the false dawn and she was nothing more than a smoldering hull. Studying her, he realized something else. Despite several hours swimming, he was no closer to her than he had been when he started. He had been bucking a much stronger current than he realized.

It no longer mattered, he decided. He was beginning to tire and his only concern now was to remain afloat until rescuers searched the scene. He turned over on his back and floated. After a while the false dawn disappeared in a blazing sunrise and then the blueness of the sky canopy. A black dot appeared in the canyons seemed to press down on him like a vast opy, like a fly crawling over a blue blanket. Growing larger it became a Liberator that roared a thousand feet above his head and circled the Jean Nicolet. Gussak wondered if the plane's crew had spotted him floating in the water and if they were messaging a seaplane or patrol boat to pick him up. He lost hope when the Liberator moved off in a long climb without turning above him.

The hull of the Jean Nicolet was now low in the water and about an hour later, Gussak watched her slip quietly beneath the surface. From the position of the sun he guessed it was about 8:00 A.M., which meant the Nicolet had remained afloat for approximately 23 hours after she had been torpedoed.

An hour later a PBV flew over the area, followed soon by two others. The big seaplanes did a considerable amount of circling and weaving back and forth, searching for survivors. Gussak splashed with his hands and feet to attract their attention, but the planes roared off without sighting him.

With the sky empty once more, Gussak's hope gave way to black despair. He was tired in every muscle. He asked himself what was the use of trying to keep afloat—he wasn't going to be rescued. He might be able to hold out for several more tortured hours, even until darkness. But what then? He might as well slip under now, like the tired hulk of the Jean Nicolet.

At this point he may have become delirious. He isn't quite sure. He remembers that he delivered a long summation to an imaginary jury, and was impressed with his eloquence, his keen logic, his astute knowledge of law.

He saw something floating on the water some distance away. It appeared to be a rubber raft with men on it. He lost sight of it and, when it failed to reappear, gazed upward and studied a fleecy cloud bank, trying to take a rough position fix. The sun was high in the sky. He guessed the time to be about 1:00 P.M. He was calm in his observations. If he

had been delirious, he wasn't so any longer. Using his "sky fix" for a guide, he struck out with a slow overhand stroke. After a while he sighted the floating object again.

He rested, and swam after it. The object took shape as a small rubber boat with three men in it. The boat, Gussak learned later, had been dropped by the Liberator earlier in the morning near three swimming survivors: Deck Engineer Paul L. Mitchem and Naval Armed Guardsmen Robert L. Nuvill and Robert C. Butler.

Actually an inflated rubber ring, the boat was supposedly adequate for four occupants, but when they hauled Gussak aboard it was crowded. It also had five life belts and two eight ounce cans of water and a can of frankfurters which had been attached to a Mae West jacket dropped by the Liberator.

Gussak, as senior officer, took charge of the food and water. He desperately wanted a drink but fought off the temptation.

"We'll open a can of water when the sun goes down," he said. "If we drink now, the sun will dehydrate it right out of us again."

Soon afterwards they sighted Wyrozumski floating in the sea. Then first Assistant Engineers Pyle and Steward Vanderhurst. There were now seven of them jammed in the four-man boat. They sat shoulder to shoulder around the ring with their legs crisscrossed over one another.

Waiting for sundown and a sip of water, they pieced together bits of the ghastly story as each had experienced it. Pyle and Butler had been on the stern deck of the sub and had watched the Japs execute more than fifty men. Pyle, his hands tied behind him, had succeeded in rolling off the sub after receiving a severe bayonet wound in the head. Wyrozumski had found him at dawn and had freed his hands. Butler also had been cut on the head by a Jap bayonet and had rolled into the sea before the sub crashed.

The sun went down and Gussak passed around one of the precious cans of water. Each man showed admirable restraint and drank only about an ounce in tiny sips. The stars came out and as they half sat, half lay, one man talked about man-eating sharks and another talked about jumping over the side, until Gussak spoke up about the increasing amount of water in the boat.

"It's leaking," he said. "Bail with your hands."

Someone muttered: "What's the use of bailing? We'll all be dead by morning."

"Bail!" Gussak repeated grimly.

They bailed and they dozed fitfully



until about 2:00 A.M., when Pyle saw a searchlight beam probing in the distance. He shouted and instantly every man was wide awake and tense.

"That damned sub!" said Wyrozumski. "She's surfaced again and is hunting for us."

They watched anxiously. Suddenly a flare shot skyward far to starboard; vivid blue light illuminated the ocean below. The flare went out and so did the searchlight.

"Couldn't have been the Jap sub," Gussak reasoned. "She wouldn't have advertised her presence in these waters. My guess is that the British and our own Navy are still searching for us—and they'll find us."

"I hope you're right, Captain," said Mitchem grimly. "But I wouldn't take any bets on it."

At dawn, Gussak opened the can of frankfurters. Small, slightly salt to the taste, there was one for each man. He also decided to dole out the second can of water.

Despite continuous bailing, the water had risen steadily in the overloaded boat until now it was almost chest high. In addition, the sea was getting choppy and several pin holes had developed in the rubber. They were releasing air and there was no way to patch the holes.

"It won't stay afloat much longer, Captain," Mitchem warned.

Gussak nodded. He had been afraid that this was going to happen. "Everyone over the side," he ordered. "We'll take turns riding and bailing."

The boat was still afloat in mid-morning when Vanderhurst spotted a tiny column of smoke rising against the horizon. "A ship! Must be the one whose searchlight we saw last night!"

They watched eagerly. A black dot moved restlessly back and forth in the sky above the funnel of smoke—a plane searching.

Pyle groaned. "He's too far away to see us."

As if the pilot had heard him, the dot seemed to grow bigger.

"Keep on coming, boy," Wyrozumski urged prayerfully. "Right this way . . ."

The plane, a Liberator, came on. It flew directly over them and dipped its wings. This time there was no mistake about their having been seen. The plane circled. On its second pass it dropped smoke flares. There were tears in Gussak's eyes as he watched the Liberator roar off.

They saw the smoke from the distant ship for a long time before they finally made out the British patrol boat that spewed it skyward through squat stacks. She was H.M.S. Hoxa and it was almost noon before she reached the half-sub-

merged boat and the seven desperately tired men clinging to it. A scramble net was dropped over the side of the Hoxa and her crewmen helped the seven aboard. Gussak spotted other Nicolet survivors among the men who lined the rail; Lieutenant Deal, Archie Howard, and young Matyas, the Air Corps Pfc.

A British medical officer with a flaming red beard glanced at Gussak's face, his badly sunburned body, his gashed wrists. He asked, "Would you like a glass of water, cocoa or tea?"

"Sure," said Gussak eagerly. "I'll take all three . . ."

On the afternoon of July 5th, H.M.S. Hoxa, with 17 survivors of the Jean Nicolet, put into Addu Atoll where the British had set up a section of MI-5, Military Intelligence. Here the survivors were interrogated for information which might be of help in combatting enemy submarine activities. The British were particularly interested in finding out if any German U-boat skippers were now commanding Jap subs.

"During the time you were a prisoner aboard Captain Tetsunosuki's sub, did you hear any words spoken in German?" Gussak was asked.

"No," he shook his head. "Only Japanese and Jap-English."

"Thank you, Captain. We'll get that sub, never fear. We've got her fairly well boxed in right now."

There wasn't much on Addu Atoll, and clothing for 17 Americans—a few of whom, like Gussak, had arrived stark naked—wasn't easy to come by. The British contributed items from their own sparse wardrobes to at least cover the survivors before sending them to Calcutta.

They were a ragtag lot, without funds, on their arrival. Calcutta, jump-off port for a multitude of CBI operations, was busy and confusing, and the survivors had to shift for themselves. Young Matyas was particularly at a loss. The U. S. Air Force unit he had been assigned to join was vaguely "somewhere up towards the Hump" and as a Pfc he had low transport priority. He'd have to spend several days in Calcutta before a plane seat would be available for him, Matyas was informed.

Gussak, as a U. S. commissioned officer managed to borrow \$37 from the British military by signing a chit. With this money he bought Matyas a respectable shirt, a pair of pants, shoes, toilet kit and gave him what remained to help tide him over.

Wangling air transport for himself, Gussak was flown to Wanting, his original destination, on the Burma-China frontier, where he took command of a border guard detail of five U. S. M. P's. It was a busy control point on the Ledo



Road. Gussak's command gradually grew into a full scale operation which, among other things, curbed black market activities along the border.

Months later, after Gussak had been promoted to major and was Provost Marshal of the entire theater, a jeep with a special British courier drove up the Ledo Road with an urgent communication for Major Gussak from the head-

quarters of Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Allied Commander, Southeast Asia.

When Gussak opened the sealed envelope he found in it his chit for \$37 and a politely formal note to the effect that the loan had been carried on the books of the British military in Calcutta for quite a while, and it was hoped that the major would now find it convenient to pay. . .

—THE END

## India Returns to Connecticut Town

*From New York Herald Tribune*

BY TERRY SMITH

DARIEN, Conn.—The picnickers spread across the lawn yesterday were dressed in an assortment of costumes ranging from madras plaid jackets and Bermuda shorts to Indian saris and tunics. They were lounging on blankets and eating fried chicken in front of Richard Tweedy's house overlooking Long Island Sound.

The hosts were the people of Darien and its guests were about 180 Indians temporarily in this country with the consulate or assigned to the Indian Mission to the United Nations or studying here. The Indians came out for the day by car and train as they have for the last seven years, because of the unusual friendship between this commuters' community and the people of Mercara, India.

The love affair between Mercara and Darien started in 1954, when a group from Darien suggested celebrating United Nations Day by sending greetings to a town in India. Mercara, a town with a population approximately that of Darien's 17,000, was selected.

The first letter of greeting, from Darien's First Selectman, was answered and followed by a barrage of pen-pal type correspondence between the school children of both towns.

The relationship really got chummy when the children of Mercara offered the children of Darien a substantial gift: a baby elephant. She arrived in 1957 and thrived in suburbia until she put on weight and had to move on to the zoo in Bridgeport in the fall of 1959.

In response to the gift of the elephant, the people of Darien donated funds for a new wing for the hospital in Mercara. They also entertained dozens of Indian students who came to America to study under Danforth Fellowships, and began raising funds for a teacher exchange program between the two towns. For the last

seven years, one Sunday in the fall has been set aside as India Day and the striped shirts and saris have gotten together to picnic on the lawn and relax. In the brilliant sunshine yesterday, the party was an unquestioned success. About half the Indian families came by train and even the New Haven Railroad co-operated by making an unscheduled stop of the express train at the small Darien station.

The Indians were met by their American hosts and by 1 p.m. they were gathering on Mr. Tweedy's lawn, armed with picnic baskets. By 2:30 most had been fed and the children, immediately at ease with each other, were kicking footballs and chasing each other around in the back of the house.

One Indian guest was Prof. R. Muthuswamy, a teacher at the government college in Mercara, who is spending this year studying American history at Rutgers University. His trip and expenses were paid by the people of Darien who are raising \$11,000 more to send a teacher from Darien High School to teach for a year at the school in Mercara. Before he enrolled in Rutgers last month, Mr. Muthuswamy visited Darien and was given a tour of the town by the First Selectman. He approved of everything he saw and had only one suggestion: let the First Selectman have a ceremonial robe for special occasions.

Mr. Muthuswamy, who is president of the Rotary Club in Mercara, told of another aspect of the co-operation between the two towns. On March 1, which was proclaimed Darien Day in Mercara and vice-versa in Darien, 4,000 people gathered for a hockey game in Mercara for what has become the Prestige trophy in the town: the Darien Bowl.

Throughout yesterday afternoon the aroma of international cooperation was as thick as the fried chicken, but in the morning there had been one sour note. Mrs. B. N. Chakravarty, the wife of the Indian Ambassador to the UN, was being driven to the picnic by Mrs. Dale Shilling, her Darien host, when they were arrested for driving in the left lane on the Hutchinson River Parkway.

"We were just looking at the autumn leaves," Mrs. Chakravarty said.



# Living Legend Tends The Sick

By GERALD S. SNYDER

United Press International Writer

NEW YORK, Oct. 6—In a tin-roofed hospital on a lonely Asian frontier, a stubborn old man bends daily to the task of helping the sick.

His chest is sunk and his once sturdy body is wracked with amoebic dysentery. But Dr. Gordon Stifler Seagrave, now 66, is a living legend. The "Burma Surgeon" goes on with his work.

Some 40 years ago, as a young Johns Hopkins graduate, Seagrave fished some used and broken medical instruments out of a wastebasket, tucked a Bible under his arm, and set out for Namkham in the far Northeastern corner of Burma.

The hospital he took over was a decaying wooden building with 20 wooden beds. Its only patient—a man with a leg ulcer.

Today on a hillside overlooking that same green valley, two miles from the Red China border, some 15,000 backward hill people walk, ride or are carried on litters each year to the hospital compound that "Daddy" Seagrave built for them. An area populated by an estimated 400,000 people depend on it for medical care.

Dr. M. Donald Olmanson, 32, a lanky doctor from St. Peter, Minn., who is the first American physician to work with Seagrave and return to this country, illustrates Seagrave's problems, with slides of patients riddled with malaria, tuberculosis, leprosy, smallpox, acute anemia . . . disturbing—almost horrifying—to a healthy American.

"On an average," he said "Seagrave's patients have two or three major diseases, sometimes as many as five. Diseases you simply read about in textbooks here. The life expectancy is 29 years and the infant mortality rate 50 percent.

Help has come from American drug companies (about \$250,000 worth each year), the Burmese government and a U. S. fund-raising group called the American Medical Center for Burma. But the biggest problem by far is finding a successor for the flagging old doctor, beloved by the Burmese.

"I don't want this hospital to die when I die," Dr. Seagrave said. "I want it to continue and the only way I can prove to these Burmese here in Burma that I've meant every word I ever said to them on the subject is for me to die right here in Namkham.

"My accepting a small salary (\$90 a month) proves to them that I'm not a money grabber. But I can't prove to them

that my prime interest is in their welfare unless I spend my whole life here. And that means to the very end of my life."

Mission aid to Burma has been a Seagrave tradition for 128 years. Both of Seagrave's great-grandfathers were Baptist missionaries in Burma, as were his grandparents and his parents.

Born in Rangoon in 1897, Seagrave is the last of 28 of his family to have lived and worked continuously in Burma, a country with one of the lowest per capita incomes in the world and with more than 2 million landless peasants in a population of some 20 million Burmese and constituent races—the tribes of Kachin, Chin, Shan and Kayah.

Seagrave has never been considered a missionary—just a "man with a mission," as he likes to put it.

In 1942, he walked out of Burma in the retreat into India under Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell during the Japanese invasion. Two years later he was back again. But in 1950, he was arrested for alleged treason against the government, tried, found guilty and sentenced to jail.

He spent six months in prison and another year and a half under house arrest before the Burma Supreme Court exonerated him.

Back in Namkham, the people turned out by the thousands to cheer him. "The Old Man is back!" they shouted. With the help of a faithful Goanese-Indian doctor, Olwen Silgado, and a few nurses, Seagrave was back in business.

The revolutionary government of Gen. Ne Win is behind the Burma surgeon and, will have the benefit of some 750 nurses that Dr. Seagrave trained.



FIRST HOSPITAL building now houses laboratory and lecture hall. A wood and tar paper shack with a tin roof, it was used as the operating room in the 20's. Dr. Seagrave reports that he would have torn it down long ago, "but we have never had the money to make up the lost space."



# BOOK REVIEWS



*IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ELEPHANT BILL.* By Susan Williams. David McKay Co., Inc., New York. September 1963. \$4.50.

Reminiscences by the widow of James H. Williams, who was an expert on elephants and the author of "Elephant Bill" (Doubleday, 1950) and "Bandoola" (Doubleday, 1954). Mrs. McKay tells about the care and feeding of elephants and their use in lumbering in the Burmese teak forests; she also writes vividly about the trials of young married life in the 1930's in remote Burmese settlements where the bugs, snakes and other livestock were infinitely more numerous than the people, where leopards prowled around the verandas, and where malaria was commonplace. She ends with a graphic report of their flight out of Burma when the Japanese invaded.

*THE WEEK BEFORE PEARL HARBOR.* By A. A. Hoebling. W. W. Norton & Co., New York. August 1963. \$4.50.

The point of view of the author on the blame for unpreparedness of Pearl Harbor is indicated by the dedication: "To the dead of Pearl Harbor, who paid the full price of Washington's apathy." Hoebling points critically to the age and illness of individuals in the top Washington posts; lack of harmony and failure of communication among high officers of the Army and Navy; censorship of Navy dispatches; and shortage of and confusion about U. S. machines that could break the Japanese code.

*THE EASY WAY TO CHINESE COOKING.* By Beverly Lee. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y. October 1963. \$3.50.

Mrs. Lee, who teaches Chinese cooking at the China Institute in New York, introduced her readers to the subject by concentrating first of all on the three methods of Chinese cooking: chow, or stir frying; jing, or steaming; and red cooking, which is cooking with soy sauce. With each method she takes up a variety of recipes varying from the most simple to the most elaborate. She explains the traditional Chinese cooking utensils and their Western substitutes, the different Chinese vegetables and spices and tells where to buy them and how to keep them fresh.

*THE FOUR FACES.* By Han Suyin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. October 1963. \$4.95.

Drug smuggling, politics, murder, sex intrigue, in a "Grand Hotel" of a story about a neutralist writers' congress in Cambodia.

*THE PRINCES.* By Monohar Malgonkar. Viking Press, Inc., New York. August 1963. \$4.95.

An Indian author's first novel to be published in the United States, this is a study of the education of a prince and the passing of an old luxurious way of life in India before, during and after World War II. The young Indian Prince and his father, the Maharaja, are central characters. There is color and drama in the story of the prince's love for an Englishwoman, his marriage to an Indian girl, his war service and his realization that his family's dominion has ended.

*MAJOR GOVERNMENTS OF ASIA.* Edited by George McT. Kabin. Cornell University Press, Ithaca, N. Y. September 1963. \$10.00.

Second edition. The government and politics of the five largest countries in Asia—China, Japan, India, Pakistan and Indonesia—are described and analyzed by specialists, each of whom has done extensive research on the country on which he writes.

*PEKING AND MOSCOW.* By Klaus Mehnert. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. October 1963. \$6.95.

This book was a non-fiction best seller in Germany for more than a year, and has been completely updated before being printed in English. It analyzes the hottest development in cold war—the open break between Russia and Red China—giving its background and causes, as well as its significance for the West and for the future. The author is a leading European authority on Russia and China who has lived in both countries for several years.

*PRINTED COTTONS OF ASIA: THE ROMANCE OF TRADE TEXTILES.* By Tamezo Osumi; rev. and adapted from an English translation by George Saito. Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt. August 1963. \$25.00.

An illustrated history of the coming of India prints and related printed cottons to the West. Chapters tell of the design, manufacture and dyeing of these lovely old fabrics and discuss the designs, taken traditionally from the fruits, flowers, trees, animals and birds of India, Persia and Java; also the kinds of cloth produced, which include Javanese batik and Siamese chintzes as well as Indian prints.





*News dispatches from recent issues  
of The Calcutta Statesman*

**CALCUTTA**—Fourteen images of deities, between 700 and 1,000 years old, were stolen from temples in Burdwan district. Mostly stone statuettes, many are ornamented with gold and jewels.

**DACCA**—Orthodox Muslim women of Dacca launched a counter move demanding the immediate repeal of the Family Laws Ordinance, which prohibits polygamy. The conference of the orthodox section of women held here taunted "those self-styled progressive women leaders" who have been fighting for the retention of the Family Laws Ordinance and supporting public singing and dancing by girls as a sign of advancement.

**DACCA**—About 2,000,000 people were affected by the 1963 Chittagong floods, although it was believed deaths would not exceed 100.

**LUCKNOW**—Twelve people, including four women and two children, were run over by a U. P. Roadways bus and killed at a vegetable market here. The victims, all vegetable sellers, were sleeping in a row on the pavement when they were run over by the speeding bus.

**LAKHIMPUR-KHERI**—More than 75 people have either been killed or injured by hyenas in a period of two months in Lakhimpur-Kheri district. The animals take shelter in bushes and jute fields. At some places they are reported to be attacking during the day people working in fields or looking after their cattle.

**NEW DELHI**—The 100-rupee note is said to be the most popular currency in the country. Higher denomination notes are losing popularity, the Reserve Bank reports.

**RAWALPINDI**—The Jinnah cap will be a compulsory part of the dress of Pakistanis abroad at official and ceremonial functions, according to a recent decision of the Pakistani Cabinet. The shalwar and sherwani or lounge suit will be the official dress, both at home and abroad, with the turban alternating for the Jinnah cap, only at home. The Cabinet's anxiety to help identify Pakistanis overseas has apparently been motivated by reports that Pakistanis had often been mistaken for Indians at functions abroad.

**CALCUTTA**—Eight neolithic human skeletal remains have recently enriched the Anthropological Survey of India at the Indian Museum, Calcutta. They are from Burzahom village in Kashmir, 20 miles north of Srinagar. The remains were found in excavations, along with polished celts and unique bone tools, including harpoons, awls and needles. There was evidence of pit dwelling at the site.

**CALCUTTA**—A Calcutta Corporation excavator has not been used for about 15 years because nobody knows how to operate it. The machine, which cost Rs. 2 lakhs, was imported from Germany to dredge the Bantola-Kulti drainage outfall channel.

**MORADABAD**—A farmer chanced upon a treasure trove near here while ploughing a field. The plough struck an earthen vessel containing about 300 ancient coins. Soon after the discovery, however, cultivators from other fields snatched about 250 coins from the farmer, leaving him with only 50.

**NEW DELHI**—India, with its 226.8 million cattle, possesses the largest number of cattle in the world. She has, however, neither the densest cattle population nor the highest ratio of cattle to human population.

**NEW DELHI**—Tampering with track, failure of station staff and excessive speed were among the causes responsible for the 14 accidents in which 119 persons were killed and 484 injured, according to a report of the Commissioner of Railway Safety for the year 1961-62. There was a total of 7,667 accidents of all types during the year.

**NEW DELHI**—An Indian research vessel has reported the discovery of deep water patches of sardines and mackerel, hitherto found only in the surface waters along the Kerala and south Kanara coasts.

**RAWALPINDI**—Over 300,000 persons, with their cattle, migrated from the famine-affected district of Tharparkar in Sind to other areas during the last summer in search of fodder and water. An area of 8,000 square miles was affected by drought. The government opened ration depots in the affected areas.

**CALCUTTA**—A gentle, docile old elephant at Alipore Zoo, who has given many a child a joy ride and would raise her trunk in a friendly salaam to all visitors, suddenly went berserk recently and trampled to death her mahout, Farman Miah. The tragedy occurred in full view of nearly 200 horrified visitors. The elephant was ordered shot by zoo officials.



## Commander's

### Message

by

**Haldor Reinholt**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



The Delaware Valley Basha is pleased and proud to announce that the National Citizenship Award presented annually to a local citizen for distinguished service will, at the 1964 Reunion, be presented to our own Dr. I. S. Ravdin. I believe this will be the first time that our National Award will be given to a CBI member, so this should give us double pleasure. As you know, Dr. Ravdin was commander of the 20th General Hospital in Burma and a member of the medical team which helped President Eisenhower to recover from his heart attack. Milton Caniff, the cartoonist, used him as prototype for the doctor who cured Steve Canyon. As a matter of fact, the sketch of Dr. Ravdin was used as the cover for one of the issues of the Ex-CBI Roundup. Dr. Ravdin will receive the award personally and his presence should do much to stimulate our campaign to raise funds for Dr. Seagrave's Hospital in Namkham, Burma.

Speaking of the Namkham Hospital, we shall have as our guest at the National Board meeting Dr. M. Donald Olmanson of St. Peter Clinic, St. Peter, Minn. Dr. Olmanson recently returned from serving at the Namkham Hospital and will present a film and slide report of the latest developments in "Seagraveville." I heard about Dr. Olmanson from John F. Rich, Executive Vice-Chairman of the American Medical Center for Burma. And I met John Rich as a result of liaison duty for Phil Packard, CBI Veterans Association Past Commander and Chairman of the Seagrave Fund. So you can see how one thing leads to another. John Rich served with the Friends Ambulance Service in

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—Ed.

Burma and since the war has been raising money, without fee, for the Namkham Hospital.

Note to Phil Packard: You will be pleased to know that I learned from Sahib Rich that a new source of support for the Namkham Hospital became a reality on November 15, 1962, when a contract was signed with the U. S. Government for a three-year grant payable in Burmese currency. Under Public Law 480 the American Government is authorized to help support American educational institutions abroad. The funds in all cases are drawn from payments made in foreign currency for the sale of surplus commodities. The Namkham Hospital qualified because of its nurses' Training School, which is the **most** important center for nursing instruction in Southeast Asia. This grant makes possible a wide range of benefits and material aid ranging from typewriters to scholarships for the training of 50 Burmese nurses per year for a period of three years. It will cover the salary of the resident physician assistant to Dr. Seagrave and will provide for the furnishing of a nurses' dormitory, as well as books, furniture, and equipment for the library. Important housekeeping items, such as laundry and kitchen equipment, including washing machines, dishes, cutlery and sterilizers are also covered by the grant.

Hold it Phil, don't disband the Seagrave Fund because it appears I just said that it was no longer needed. This is not so. Instead, we have been presented with a wonderful opportunity to be of service. You see, Phil, the benefits of the grant, while seemingly wide in range and scope, are limited to the improvement of the instruction, housing and teaching facilities of the 100 student nurses. It is not intended to maintain patient care, nor are the funds available for building purposes. In other words, for want of adequate building space much of this potential aid might not be used. That is where we come in. When we raise the money for the building we won't have to worry about salaries for the staff, tuition for the students, or the necessary equipment. In other words, Phil, every dollar you receive means \$5 in purchasing power for Dr. Seagrave.

If any of you who read this are moved by what I have written and wish to send a Christmas present to Dr. Seagrave, the best way is to make a check out right now, while you are thinking about it, and send it to Phil Packard, Chairman Seagrave Fund, % CBI Veterans Association, Milwaukee War Memorial Center, Milwaukee, Wis.

Bon voyage to Father Glavin, who is off on the good ship Constitution to the Ecumenical Council in Rome!

—HALDOR REINHOLT





SNACK BAR at the Post Exchange on ATC base at Tezpur, India. Photo by Anthony V. Noto.

#### William F. Moerk

● Funeral services for William F. Moerk, 53, of 662 Clayton Lane, Des Plaines, a World War II veteran and an active participant in veterans associations, were held recently in the Oehler Funeral Home, Lee at Perry, Des Plaines. Burial was in Ridgewood Cemetery with eight Chicago Basha members wearing their China-Burma-India Veterans Association caps, acting as pall-bearers. Bill Moerk, who was employed as a platemaker at the Alden Press, 5060 N. Kimberly, died Thursday, October 3, after a long illness at Lutheran General Hospital, Park Ridge, Ill. An aviation engineer in the China-Burma-India campaign of World War II, Bill was immediate past commander of the Chicago Basha of the CBIVA, as past commander of the LaSalle Hotel American Legion Post and a member of the Past Commanders Club of Chicago. During the war, Bill was a member of the first overland convoy to break the blockade of the Japanese Armies and deliver war materials to Kunming, China. Surviving are the widow, Hedwig, and a sister, Mrs. Lydia Boe.

EMIL TESSARI,  
Cmdr. Chicago Basha  
Chicago, Ill.

#### 472nd QM Group

● Served in Headquarters 472nd QM Group in India from September 1943 to December 1945. Enjoy reading Ex-CBI Roundup. Keep up the good work.

HENRY LEVENTHAL,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### More Interesting

● Please extend my subscription, as it is getting more interesting every year. I'm on the road again, and the Roundup is good to sit down with. Keep it up.

C. W. SCHRICKER,  
Rochester, N. Y.

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